

The Tories Confession

Or, A merry song in Answer to
The **WHIGS** Exaltation :

To the same Tune of *Forty One*.

[1]
A Pox on Whigs we'l now grow wise
Let's cry out guard the Throne,
By that we'l damn the *Good Old Cause*
And make the Game our own
Religion, that shall stoop to us,
and so shall Liberty,
We'l make their Laws as thin as Lawn,
such Tory Rogues are we.

[2]
When once that Preaching Whineing Crew
are crush'd and quite undone,
The Poor we'l banish by our Laws,
and all the rest we'l burn.
Then *Abbey-Lands* shall be posselt
by those whose Right they be,
We'l cry up Laws, but none we'l use,
such Tory Rogues are we.

[3]
The Name of *Protestant* we hate,
the Whigs they know it well,
And since we can't it longer hide
let's Truth genteely tell.
Now Dam me is good Manners grown,
and tends to Gallantry,
We'l S---- the Nation out of Doors,
such cursed Rogues are we.

[4]
What care we for a Parliament,
no Money comes from thence,
Would they but give us Coyn enough,
we'd spend the Nations pence.
These two-penny States-men all shall down,
a glorious fight to see,
To finish all we'l plunder 'am too,
such Sons of Whores are we.

[5]
We'l build more Universities,
for there lies all our hope,
And to th' Crape Gown we'l cringe & creep
supposing 'twere a Pope ;
Say what he will we'l him believe,
if true or false it be,
And while he prays we'l Drink his Health,
such Tory Rogues are we.

[6]
What pimping Whig shall dare controule,
or check the lawfull Heir,
We'l take the Rascall by the Pole,
and Pox of all his Hair.
Then here goes honest *James's* Health,
come drink it on your Knee,
Dzowns we'l have none but honest souls,
such Tory Rogues are we.

[7]
These Crafty *Whigs* are subtle Knaves
to give um all their due,
And yet we bauk'd the Popish Plot,
though they had sworn it true.
For this you know who we may thank,
But *Mum* for that, yet we
Are bound to pray and praise him for't,
such Tory Rogues are we.

[8]
When all these zealous *Whigs* are down,
we'l drink and fall a roaring,
And then set up the Tripple Crown,
'twill Saint us all for whoreing.
When we have quite inflav'd um all,
our selves cannot be free.
Then prithee Devil claim thy own,
for hey to Hell go we.

[9]
We'l chuse their Sheriffs and Juries too
and then pretend 'tis Law,
We'l bring more Irish o're to swear
'gainst those they never saw :
We'l seize their Charters, then they must
come beg um on their Knee,
If this won't do we'l call the French,
such cursed Rogues are we.

L O N D O N
Printed for H. B. MDCLXXXII.